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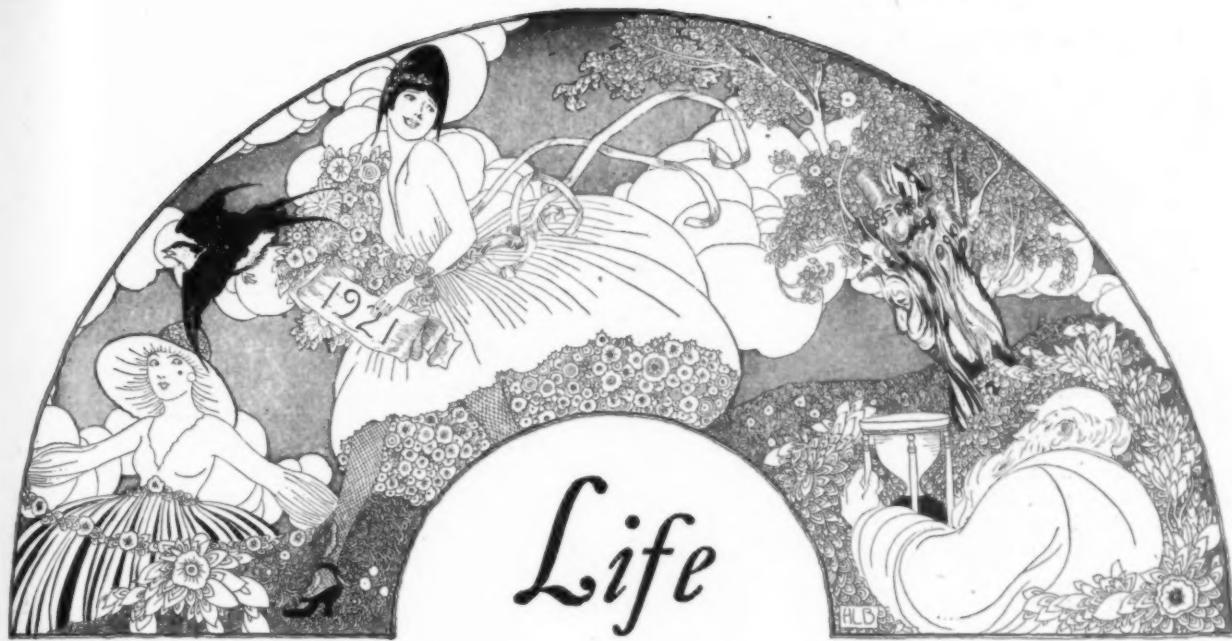
The Boy Who Obeyed that Impulse



What does it cost you to maintain your hosiery equipment? One buys the motor car that, according to his means, will carry him over the longest miles, in the greatest elegance and comfort, at the lowest cost. Phoenix hosiery has taken the lead in world sales because of its outstanding mileage endurance. And as a natural accompaniment of that endurance come its lasting beauty, its downright comfort and its low cost of maintenance.



PHOENIX
HOSIERY



Some Unwritten Apologies

YOU'D scarce expect one of my size
To speak in public for a prize.

G-lb-rt K. Ch-st-rt-n.

I blush to think, when millions giving
I never had to earn a living.

J-hn D. R-ck-f-ll-r, Jr.

My "Main Street" has the public smitten
Yet—would that it were better written.

S-ncl-r L-w-s.

I must confess that I don't mind
Vulgarity and art combined.

Ch-rl-y Ch-pl-n.

You've read my views on Russia? Halt,
And take them with a bag of salt.

H. G. W-lls.

Steady!

Women's Clothing to Drop in Price.
—*New York World* headline.

BUT in other respects, please, not any
lower just yet. Give the mind time
for adjustment.

To England

CHERISHED FRIEND, let the Irish
go to blazes if you prefer that course,
but why under Heaven be at the pains
personally to conduct them there?

FIRST BACHELOR GUEST: These
dinner parties are a beastly bore.

SECOND BACHELOR GUEST: But one
must live!

The White City

A Tale of Old St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER I.

THE short winter day was coming to an
end and the sinking sun was flooding
the Nevskii Prospekt with the weird splen-
dor of the North sunset, as Sonia Petrin-
off sprang from her droski and rushed
into the house.

Thrusting aside the waiting Ivan at the

door she asked, "Mlle. Olga, is she in?"
Not waiting for a reply, she burst into
Olga's room. "Olga, Olga," she ex-
claimed, "what shall I do? Boris has pro-
posed to me. If he finds that I am be-
trothed to Stefan he will kill him— possi-
bly me as well. What shall I do? Tell
me, tell me, for the love of our sainted
mother, what shall I do?"

"I don't know," Olga replied.

The End.



The Professor: THAT PROPOSED ROCKING HORSE FOR THE BABY WILL
TAKE UP TOO MUCH ROOM.

Practical Wife: NONSENSE, MY DEAR. WHY, YOU RIDE YOUR HOBBY ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

What Are We Going to Do About It?



HEY tell us that in this great country public opinion rules.

And what makes public opinion? Facts.

Do you know the facts about our disabled soldiers?

Do you know that of the twenty thousand ex-service men now getting hospital care from the government nearly half are in county almshouses, state insane asylums, jails, contract hospitals, where the government pays three dollars a day for a bed and the management makes a profit of a dollar or two on every patient every day, in ramshackle, unsanitary and improvised buildings totally unfit for the purpose?

Do you know that the number of broken war veterans in need of hospital treatment is increasing nearly two thousand every month and that the situation is getting desperate?

Do you know that in the last two years Congress hasn't made anything like adequate provision for the building of hospitals for these disabled?

Do you know that this condition is causing suffering and misery—and death?

Do your Senator and Congressman know it?

Snap Shots

IT seems more than likely that Gabriele d'Annunzio's poetical recitals have been mistaken for seismic disturbances reported from various points.

A man may travel all over the world in search of happiness, nor realize that it is generally homemade.

Put the best foot forward—but don't confuse the brake with the gas.

The 2000th Number

(Coming March 3rd.)

THE two-thousandth number of LIFE! Can it be?

That sounds very aged—almost like B. C.!

But if reckoned by years it seems not long ago

When the doughty young fellow rode up, all aglow,
And entered life's tournament, lance laid at rest,
With a quip for the gay, for the gloomy a jest;
No mercy for shams, whether many or few,
But a knightly support for the honest and true,
And a word, now and then, for the helpless, so nigh
To pathos that, reading, we laugh—till we cry.

Sometimes, it is possible, LIFE makes mistakes;
His steed, in the spirited charges he makes,

May jostle a sensitive man or a woman—

'Tis human to err, and LIFE's naught if not human—
But of this I am sure: if the buffet seems needless,
The horse and his rider a little bit heedless,
The issues of LIFE furnish balm for the smart,

For, as Solomon tells us, they come from the heart.

So, blessings on LIFE! May his line never cease,
But a grand circulation his vigor increase!

May his own life be more than a century long,
Successful, undaunted, and still "going strong";
Bringing sunshine to thousands, a smile to the sad,
Good cheer to the toiler, a scowl from the bad;

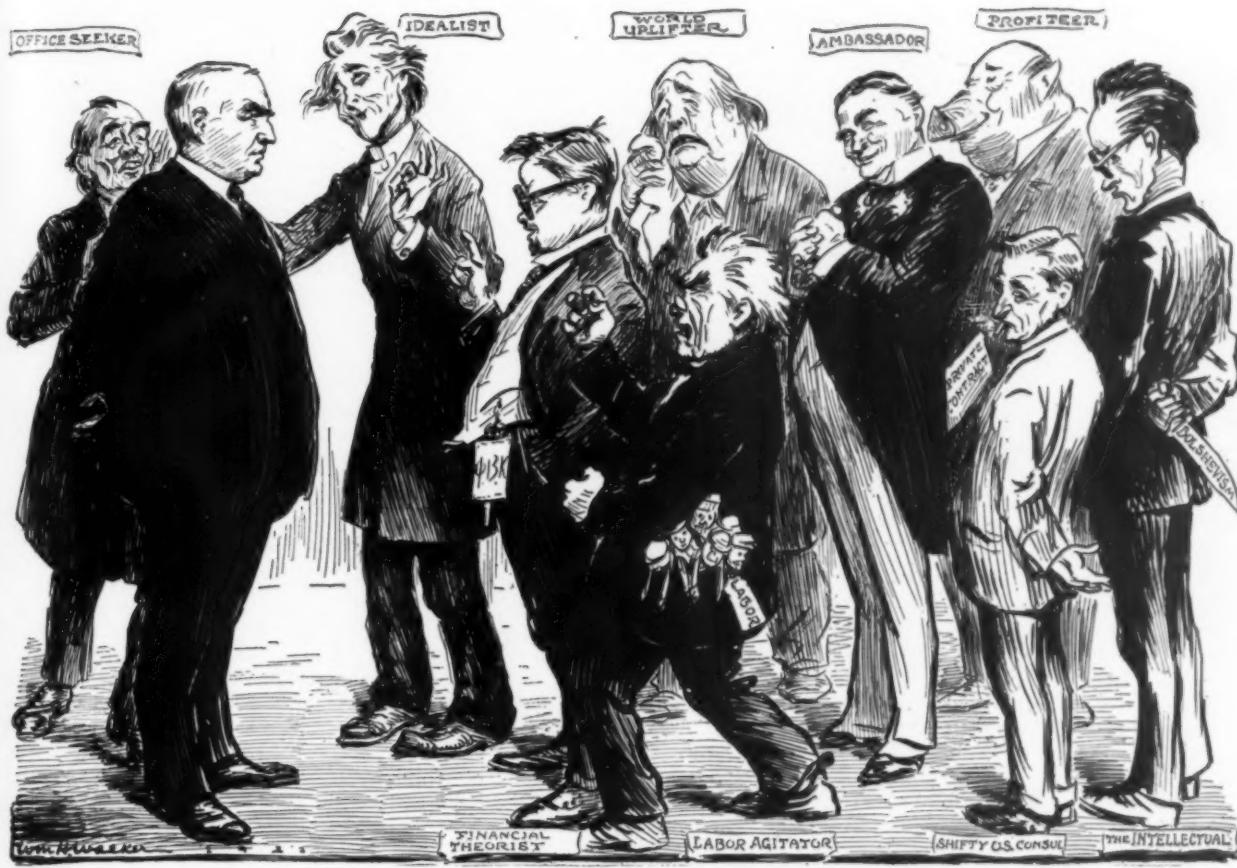
So giving his verified motto full scope,
In season and out: "While there's LIFE, there is hope."

Willis Boyd Allen.



Houseowner: BUT WHY SHOULD YOU CHARGE SO MUCH MORE FOR BUILDING AN IGLOO THAN YOU USED TO?

Builder: ON ACCOUNT OF THE SHORTAGE OF ICE.



PEOPLE HARDING CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT.

Important?

IT HAS been rumored that Mr. Ezra Pound is an important author, but as I can not recall ever meeting anyone who had ever read any of his works, I do not know whether his reputation is based on his prose or his verse. If I may judge from a letter signed by him and recently printed in the literary review of a New York evening paper, Mr. Ezra Pound's fame must be founded on his verse, as this specimen of his prose is proof that his command of English is so feeble that he is forced to fall back on French to enable him to emit his opinions. Apparently he is unable to translate into his own language *documentative littéraire* and *vie intellectuel et littéraire*, a feat which ought not to be beyond the capacity of a schoolboy.

The opinions emitted by Mr. Ezra Pound are however beyond the capacity of a schoolboy. They seem rather to be the opinions of a very old man, jaded and disenchanted. His days among the dead are parted, and the best of living men appear to him as decrepit ghosts. "Henry James is dead; Yeats is narrative and reminiscent; Hardy and Hudson too old to be more than mere monuments; Kipling *gaga*, emptied." *Gaga?* I wonder how many readers of these paragraphs know the meaning of this piece of Parisian slang. On inquiry I am informed, by experts in the dialect of Montmartre, that *gaga* is roughly equivalent to senile decay, to the deliquescence of second childhood.

It is only fair to record here that Mr. Ezra Pound,

after declaring that the writer of "Recessional" and the "Ballad of East and West" and the "Jungle Books" and "Kim" is suffering from senile deliquescence and is "emptied," declares, "I have never underestimated his narrative gift; only as an intellect he is, now at any rate, null." This nullification of Rudyard Kipling is accompanied by a corresponding annihilation of Joseph Conrad: "Conrad is a better sort of G. A. Henty (exaggerated way of putting it, I know)."

Mr. Ezra Pound has politely appended to his letter his address in London, 5 Holland Place Chambers. I do not know where Holland Place may be, but I hope that a tram or a tube may make the British Museum accessible. If Mr. Ezra Pound will go to that repository of literature and ask for "The Biglow Papers," the first series, not the second, he will be enabled to read "What Mr. Robinson Thinks." The final stanza expresses the reaction of at least one reader of Mr. Ezra Pound's letter:

Wal, it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us
The rights and the wrongs o' these matters, I vow.
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team when it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out gee!

B. M.

A RADICAL is a man without a sense of humor; a conservative is one without a sense of the ridiculous.



PRINCESS VRALIARTI

There was a young person from Lansing,
Who did this Interpretive Dancing—
Interpreting what?
It looks like a lot
Of wiggles and shimmies and prancing!

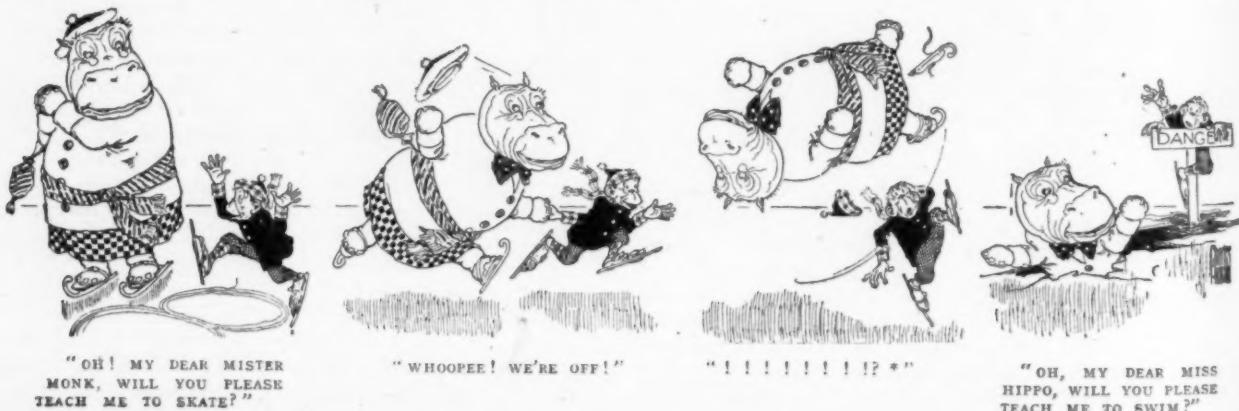
Needs a New Manager

THE d'Annunzio show at Fiume has not been altogether bad, but it has run too long and admission has been too high. If put on here at the Hippodrome with popular prices it might have another very good run.

D'Annunzio has real talent as a showman. As a literary person he seems to have been decidedly unwholesome, though

gifted and fairly diligent. His writings never did anybody any good, except, possibly, their publisher. But as a contriver and exhibitor of spectacles he is altogether out of common, combining imagination with brass and backing both with lines of advertisement which imply genius.

If he is out of politics now, so much the better for politics and for Italy; and also, if he takes the right course, for a public that likes shows.



The New Order

THE new lady director of the great opera company paused as she surveyed the members of the corps de ballet.

"Young ladies," she said, "I have just provided a time clock, and hereafter you will all punch up as you enter. Eight hours a day and Saturday afternoon off."

There was a discreet murmur.

"You will hereafter be judged entirely by results and the ones who get the most applause will receive a bonus at Christmas."

Sounds of suppressed satisfaction.

"You will be fined for displaying jealousy, losing your temper, malingering and chewing gum."

Subdued sighs.

"Remember, ladies, that in music circles character is what counts. Temperament is necessary, but you must standardize it, as I have done."

A bright young member stepped forward.

"Excuse me, your honor," she said, "but how can I standardize my temperament?"

The great director smiled.

"I am glad you asked me that," she replied. "Nothing is easier. Take up a six months' residence in Chicago."

His Step

FOND FATHER: Before I consent to the marriage, I must know this young man's qualifications. Now, has he great strength, endurance? Can he keep on his feet despite entangling influences? Has he balance, poise?

FANETTE: Oh, yes, Daddy! Reggie foxtrots divinely!

ENGINEER (to frantic fireman who has fallen in water tank): You got enough. You don't have to tramp it down.



Drawn by VICTOR C. ANDERSON

"I'll wait for ye. Who-o-oa!"

Truth Will Out

ALL my life long I praised my neighbor; he
All of his life said only ill of me.
But I was well avenged: the world forsooth
Knew neither of us ever spoke the truth!

Edwin Markham.

A Profound Matter

WHO is the handsomest man in America? Heywood Broun of the *Tribune* has some modest observations on this engrossing subject. We have contests for the most beautiful girls, and why not for the handsomest men? Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, when on his recent visit, might easily have become a candidate for high honors; he has, if we may believe the photographs, a commanding presence and dark Spanish eyes. Mayor Hylan should not be overlooked. Mr. Taft would undoubtedly come in for a share of the gate receipts. Then there is Charlie Schwab. His smile alone is worth the price of admission. And how about General Pershing?

Don't Mind Too Much, Brothers

OUR Methodist Episcopal brethren have risen up en masse to protest against the practice among professional humorists and cartoonists of representing them as feeble-minded and grotesque specimens of humanity. The worm will eventually turn. They have endured long and patiently.

They are right; but, after all, does it matter? Most people who are of real consequence in the world are misunderstood. Chorus girls are declared to be devoid of brains and virtue, whereas most of them are obliged by necessity to live decent and painstaking lives. They also have protested against the kind of injustice of which the Methodists so stridently complain.

Literary people are popularly supposed to be irresponsible and unbusinesslike; movie stars to be constantly obtaining divorces; Congressmen to be stupid; Irishmen to be half crazy; bankers to be unpatriotic; farmers to be "rubes"; stenographers to be flirts, and rich men's children to be parasites. Nonsense! This world is made up mostly of those who are trying to do the best they can, within their lights.



"HEY, YOU! THAT'S MY FAWTHER!"
"AW! JIMMIE. DON'T BE A CHUMP! GIMME JUST ONE SHOT AT HIM, WONTYA?"

Winter House Parties

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



The Ralph Howitzers have opened up Cobblestone Lodge in the Adirondacks for the week-end, though, as one of the guests remarked, on feeling an icy draft strike the back of his neck, the lodge seems to be pretty well opened up most of the time. The house, it may be said, is heated by open fires, though there are those who deny it.



Mrs. John Bittersweet is a hostess of one idea. Having taken some people to the Berkshires for winter sports, she intends to see that they get them. All day she prowls about the house, searching for delinquents. She has espied Willy Wimbledon just as that unlucky youth was congratulating himself that he had eluded a skating party and was settling down for the first comfortable moment since his arrival.



When Philip Terwilliger arrived at the Beanfeathers' the ground was bare and the weather report was fair and warmer. Consequently he felt perfectly safe in laying stress upon his ability as a skier. Imagine his feelings when he arose next morning, and heard some other early riser remark that it was a perfectly ripping day for skiing.



There comes a time when certain of the more frolicsome among the older members of a winter house-party feel impelled to renew their youth in a snowball fight. We show a scene from the Vandervoorts' week-end house-party just after Judge Nathaniel Bramble had landed a neatly placed snowball in the eye of the first secretary of the Brazilian legation.



Wishing to confirm the illusion that he is a bit of a sportsman and full of red blood, Ferdinand Fluker announced at breakfast that he was off for a twenty-mile snowshoe tramp. The dear boy couldn't walk five miles if his life depended on it. But fate is against him. "Would you mind," says his hostess, "going just a mile or two farther on your tramp, and bringing back this list of things from the village?"



Drawn by J. R. SHAVER

The Fuel Question

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

The President's Dream

By Wallace Irwin

To Editor "LIFE Newspaper" who keep America from getting hysterick by teaching them how to laugh,

Dearest Sir:—

Inaguration Day are approaching with rapid haste. On that sanctimonious date America will have a new Mikado and Wash., D. C., will stop being safe for Democracy. 80\$ will be squandered, regardluss of expenditure, to crown Hon. Warring G. Harding with almost royal pump and grandeur. To pay for this imperial display American people will be taxed, as usual.

At special requesh of Hon. Warring G. Harding there will be no dancing, flowers, militia or other fireworks. Economy everywhere. Presidential banquit will be served by Hon. Herb. Hoover. There will be no band (either brass or any other metal) because Hon. Saml. Gumpers refuse to permit 11\$ union terumbones to play cut-rate tunes for a Republican administration.

Yet it seem unnatural and diseased, Mr. Editor, for emperors to be crowned without some music. If that Republican administration cannot afford high cost of brass music, why not some word-music? (I am referring to poetry.)

I told this umportant thought to my Cousin Nogi last Thusdy, and he report with Amie Lowell expression,

"If Republicans are so alarmed about high cost of Presidents, maybe they would adore some Free Verse to sing for Inaguration Day."

When I hear this brite snuggestion I got unspired like Shakspere and wrote following bursted sonnet which could be sung by Hon. Champ Clark or some other famus solo.

IMAGINARY POEM.

Written on a Weeja Board by a
Japanese Schoolboy who
was trying to talk
to a few dead
Jugo-Slavs.

Hoochi-weari.
Ding & dong!
Hon. Clock of Washington, D. C.,
(Pennsylvania RR time)
Stroked the hour of 11.46 p. m.,
Mch 3rd, 1921.
Hon. Warring G. Harding
Are setting among his Cabinet,
Pretending to look satisfied.
"So-ho O well!"
Gawp Hon. President (elected),
Opening his mouth with tired sleepy,
"I will go bed now,
For tomorrow I must put on my new silk-pipe hat,
Make official oaths
And take over management of U. S.
Good night, Cabinet.
If I set up till 12 (midnight)
Son: Blue Lawyers will accuse me of leading
Evil Life."
Hon. Henry Crabbit Lodge
Meet him outside door with happy smiling.
"Tomorrow," he say, "you shall be President
Of Our Ideal Republic
With my assistance.
Therefore I bid you
Sleep tight."

"How could I?" require Hon. Harding.
"With Hon. Volstead watching me?"
Therefore Hon. Harding
March to his Sleep Room
Where he disband himself of his suspenders
And put on his nightrobe of office.
Happy bed!
He fold himself among sheets, blow out gas and commence thinking.

"There is something comfortable,"
He decry gleely,
"About being Pres. of U. S.
Yet Hon. Woodrow made so much alarm about it.

He antagonized.

He theorized.

He tyrranized.

But I am such a refreshed difference!

I am a Simple Fellow—

Am I not?

My mind is open like a garage.

I will listen to any man, regardluss of party,

So long as he is a Repbulican.

Outgoing Administration had Fourteen (14) Points;

I have but one (1).

With that One Point I shall create harmony

Like Walter Damrosch;

I shall sew both sides together in mutual love;

Nobody shall disagree with me.

And I shall disagree with nobody.

Because of my One Point—

NORMALCY."

With those happy thinking Hon. Harding pull up mattress and start sleeping.

But could not do so.

What is that atmosphere which smell so gassly

Like a box of cigarettes sent from Kansas?

Hon. Harding feel a startle, he look—

O Horrus! ! !

A Blue Ghost set there, hooked to his feet, gazing at him with questionaire expression peculiar to Mark Sullivan.

"Hon. Warring G. Harding, President of America!"

"Here!" quoted Hon. Warring with roll-call voice.

"Now that you have obtained this U. S. what are you going to do with it?"

Require Hon. Blue Ghost.

"From what Congressional Dist. do you arrive?" Hon. President-elect ask to know.

"Heaven," suggest Blue Ghost.

"Senator Penrose attending to that Dept."

Report Hon. Harding peevly.

"Question No. 1," corode Blue Ghost,

"What will you do with the League of Nations?"

"Stay out," decry Hon. Harding.

"Impossible," dib Ghost.

"Then stay in," collapse Harding.

"Impossible!" holla Ghost.

"But I have already lynched the League," explan newly presidential gentleman. "If it have refused to die it are the fault of Woodrow Wilson & other secret diplomacy. Europe, Asia and Africa cordially invited to visit me at World Court."

"Too busy with League, thank you," snuggest Blue Spectrum.

"But since you are disabled to answer that,

Tell me, if convenient, how will you arouse sufficient

Money

To pay Natonal Debt, Soldier Bone Us, Liberty Bonds and other high costs?"

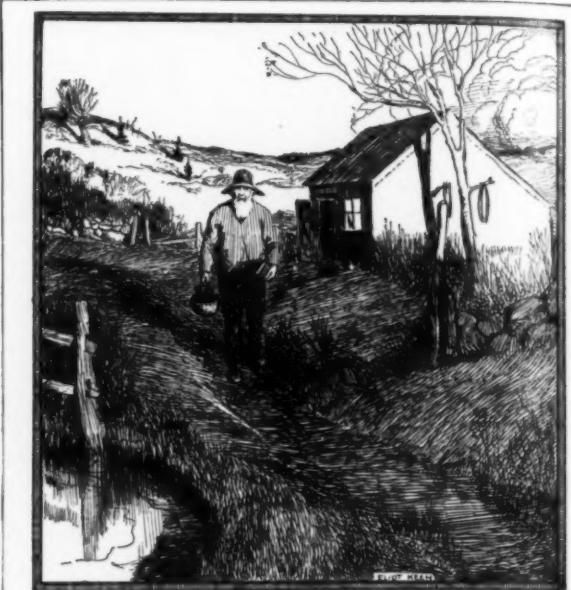
"I shall blame Democratic administration for that,"

Report Hon. Harding.

"Then I shall raise Sir Tax on Incums."

(Continued on next page.)

"Indeedly! And suppose Hon. Incums goes on strike?"
 "Then I shall protect American Industries."
 "With more Sir Tax
 There won't be no more Industries," develop Ghost.
 "Let us talk about Ireland,"
 Snuggest Hon. Harding.
 Hon. Ghost turn green-haired while narrating:
 "So pleasant subject!
 How will you please England?"
 "By setting Ireland free," pronounce Hon. Warring G.
 "That would cause Irish revolution in Boston,"
 Howell that Spiritual.
 Hon. Pres. of U. S. commence tearing down his bed,
 Hoping to think some answer.
 "And now we are talking," pronounce that weird Spookus,
 "Let us settle Liquor Question, Japanese Problem, Naval
 Program and Tariff—"
 Noise of rages!
 With O-Hio war-cry Hon. Harding jounce out of bed
 With fists tied up.
 "How durst you," he reject,
 "Come probling into my royal sleep to make inquiry
 On night before my glad coronation?
 You have never front-porched with me—
 You have not even the intelligence of a Best Mind.
 What connection you got
 To me?"
 Hon. Ghost stood winding his nose around the chandelier and
 commence laughing like Lackawanna timetables before
 happy reply:
 "I
 am
 your
 son."
 "How umpossible!" dib Hon. Pres.
 "You were not even a campaign libel—
 And by what name, please, do you travel by?"
 Hon. Blue Ghost walk away through gas pipe,
 But before his head evaporate he drop down to coo-coo:
 "NORMALCY."
 Ding & ding!
 Official alarm-clock say that.
 Hon. Harding jump awake
 And recognize Mch 4.
 Already he heard knives, brickbats, printing-presses
 And other tools peculiar to Great Republics
 Sharpening themselves.
 "How sad to think," he mone,
 "It are umpossible to be a Hero
 And remain very Popular."
 Therefore he feel deliciously hopeluss.
 Hoping you are the same
 Yours truly
 Hashimura Togo.



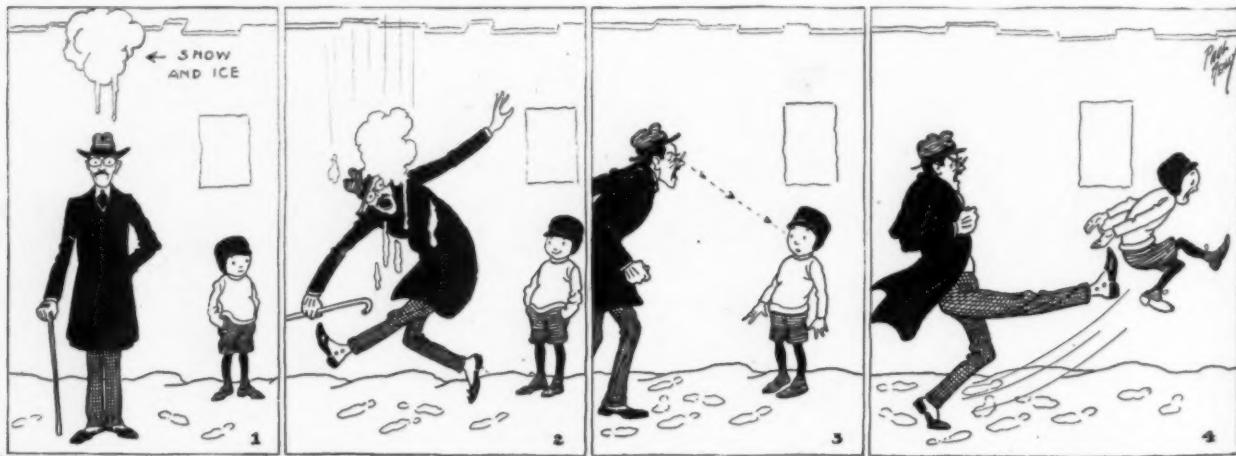
LOCAL GOSSIP

LUTHER Biddle seen a piece in the Swampville Clarion tellir' how music would make hens lay, so he decided to try it. Seein' as how Luther has sung regular in the choir fer twenty years he reckoned he cud supply the music, so last week he sot himself down in the hen house and started in. He let 'em have it straight through the hymn tunes and wound up strong on "Now I lay me, etc."—about chore time. When he gut to git the eggs that want hardly none an' so he told Lem Stubbs about it, how disappointed he wuz and one thing another. Lem told him he better not try it no longer on account of a hen he hed a-settin'. He sed he might inflloence her so'st she'd hatch out a flock of canary birds ef he want keerful.

(To be continued in our next.)

Lost Hopes

AUNTIE, did you ever have a proposal?"
 "Once, dear, a gentleman asked me over the telephone to
 marry him, but he had the wrong number."



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.



"WHAT'S THE NAME OF THAT MEMORY-TRAINING SYSTEM THAT'S DONE US
ALL SO MUCH GOOD? AUNTIE WANTS TO TRY IT."
Chorus: I FORGET.

Amelioration

"I SEE the Van Astorbilt's are going to live on the East Side."
"Yes—a new movement for improving the condition of the rich."

Forced to It

"WELL, well! Our clergyman is preaching against Sunday golf, and he plays so cleverly himself."
"Well, it's the only day in the week he's too busy to play."

As Chaucer Might Have Told It

IT fel upon a daye, at earlie dawne,
A worthie Squyer paced his statelich lawne;
He smeld the bloomynge floures and tendre grasse,
And searched with careful eyghe his gardeyn sasse,
To mark if nony bugges ther ben seene
Upon the cowcumber and juicye beene.
But sodenly he frownd with fereful wrath,
And stomped his feete upon the gardeyn path;
His eyghen caught a cherrie tree ful smal
That al to-broken ben, and made to fall.
Then colerik he sware, and boystrousy cryed
His litel sone to call unto his side.
Ther com his litel George in duteous wyse,
With schamfastnesse and downward casted eyghes:

That he was sore aferd no wonder beene;
His fader's frowne was somthyngre fierce to seene.
Then solempne to him his fader sed,
"How come this litel cherrie ben on ded?"
And litel George ful humble was and meke;
His leggus quayked, but bravely did he speke:
"I cannot tel a lye, my fader deere,
I did it with my litel hatchette heire."
He looked agast to se the storm y-brewyng,
But seene amayed that ther ben nothyngre doyng.
His fader's gruche ben turned to hevenliche joye,
And lowde he cryed, "Come to my arms, my boye!
I'd rader lose an hondred trees, in soothe,
Than that my sone schoulde fayle to tel the truthe."

Corinne Rockwell Swain.



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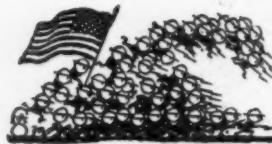
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WELCOME to a man! Welcome to a man tidal wave! who has a mind and can speak it! There are people in the country who knew that Charles Dawes, of Chicago, existed before he relieved his mind in an examination by the House War Investigating Committee on February 2nd. A good many people knew that he had been talked of for Secretary of the Treasury in Mr. Harding's cabinet. Comparatively few people—a few experts in our recent military history—knew that he had been Chief of Supply Procurement for the American Army in France and had held the rank of Brigadier-General. He is a prominent Republican, so much respected and so conspicuous as to be wanted by many Republicans for the place of Secretary of the Treasury. He was called by the Democratic members of that investigating committee to answer testimony about war wastes and extravagances, and particularly about the liquidation of American accounts in France, and the sale of surplus stock to the French government. His answer was of such a nature that it went into the front page headlines of all the papers just as soon as the telegraph could get it over.

He spoke with great freedom, just as the natural man speaks in Chicago and elsewhere. His remarks were much punctuated with cuss-words. Some of the newspapers called them oaths; one of the sub-headlines read, "Torrents of Oaths." But there were not any oaths in Mr. Dawes' talk at all. He sprinkled in expletives—mere hells and damns—as one sprinkles pepper on an egg to give it flavor. It was lovely talk and brought back the days when the whole country was

working its head off trying to get the war won and have it over.

Here is a little piece of Mr. Dawes' testimony, as reported in the papers, just to show its quality:

Mr. Bland questioned Mr. Dawes about excessive prices paid for equipment and material.

"Sure we paid," he said. "We didn't dicker. Why, man alive, we had to win the war. It was a man's job. We would have paid horse prices for sheep, if the sheep could have pulled artillery to the front. The man like Johnson there," he said, turning to the chairman of the committee, "was standing at the front to be shot at. We had to get him food and ammunition. Oh, it's all right now to say we bought too much vinegar and too many cold chisels, but we saved the civilization of the world."

It reminds one of the story in Wells's History, of how when Lucius Scipio, the conqueror of Antiochus, was called before the Roman Senate to explain his expenditures and stood up with his accounts in his hand "ready for the badgering of his accusers," his brother Africanus, the final conqueror of Carthage, snatched his papers away and tore them up. Lucius had won a war and brought home and paid into the Roman treasury 200,000 sestertes. Was he now to be pestered about items? Africanus thought not.

Mr. Dawes had not won a war himself; but he had helped to win one, and he seemed to have much the feeling of Scipio Africanus about legislative inquisitiveness about expenditures that helped to win it, and transactions that followed necessarily on its being won.

Bless the man! He and his bad words brought grateful tears to eyes too long dry. Sometime or other we will get back to the idea that the country did a good job in France. Mr. Dawes feels that we did. The charm of him was that he seemed to speak for the United States. It seems so long, so very long, since anyone

has done that! Men have spoken for parties, for groups, for racial combinations, for business combinations, for geographical sections, for combinations of hatreds; but it is many, many months since any voice has made itself heard in words that sounded like the long-time suppressed and hidden soul of the United States. Millions of us have felt about the war and its costly and wasteful processes, just as Mr. Dawes feels. We have known that there was waste, which was inevitable, and inefficiency, which was also inevitable, and profiteering by various camps, which was abominable, but hardly to be escaped; but we have also known that the job was done; a wonderful job, marvelously accomplished. For a thousand reasons we needed to be reminded of that. Thanks be to Mr. Dawes, of Chicago, for reminding us, and for doing it so loud.



AND yet what Mr. Dawes said was not really important. Congressman Graham, of Illinois, the chairman of the committee which questioned Mr. Dawes, complains very much of him. He says that the committee was usefully employed and was investigating only waste and extravagance at home, not in France, and not being small-minded even about that. That may be true, though the enquiries made of Mr. Dawes concerned doings in France. The value of Mr. Dawes' outburst was in its spirit of impatience. The committee may be ever so well employed trying to find the mistakes in his check book, but not when his house is afire. If



"NOWHERE TO GO BUT OUT."

his house is going, he had better chuck his check book and run for water.

That is the condition of the world, the condition that was probably at the bottom of Mr. Dawes' remarks. The world is a house afire. These investigators were sitting in one of its rooms trying to straighten out accounts. It is a good thing to do for men who have the time to do it. Mr. Dawes apparently had not. Perhaps he is so much concerned about what is to be done next that he is willing, as he would say, to let the items of these past transactions go to hell. The war was won, but civilization is not yet saved and now bids fair to go where Mr. Dawes would let the items go, over questions of money, territory, and reparations which as yet are so much fairy gold. Heaven knows what can be gotten out of Germany, but the effort to get it, the effort to decide how much, the effort to prevent it from doing immeasurable damage to the late Allies, all engage the best minds just now and seem to flabbergast them. The situation is most curious. It is working into a sort of competition between the

Penal Code and the Sermon on the Mount for the right of way in the affairs of the world. The Penal Code provides punishment for crime and is much respected. The Sermon on the Mount says, forgive your enemies, and is much derided, especially by business men. But now, such is the state of the world, such are its recent experiences, and such are the minds of the present generation of its inhabitants, trained as they have been in the last six years, that it has actually come up for serious consideration which of these documents is the most practical, and which course of action is better business. Haggling about money and nursing of hatreds threaten absolutely to destroy the civilization of Europe. England is destroying what is left of herself and her prestige by her management of Ireland. France is losing the sympathy of friends who so greatly admired her by her attitude about Germany. Austria and Middle Europe are starving and Russia is a bedlam, all as the result of human folly. Europe cannot be relieved as it might be, because it cannot get together. Problems of credit

and problems of transportation lag and people starve while food rots. A carload of supplies has to be loaded and reloaded four times between the Baltic and the Danube because no state in Europe lets a freight car go out of its boundaries.

Europe owes us about ten billion dollars. We ought to wipe it off the slate, but to do it while Europe is in the hands of its present governments would be folly. Not much can be done for them until they come to a state of mind where they can do something effectual for themselves. One reason why they have not done more may be that we have stood aloof. Mr. Hoover ought to have been the traffic manager of Europe, where everybody knows him and everybody trusts him. He might have been, perhaps, if we had not stayed out of the combination, but, as it is, he is doing more than anybody else. All these things must have been in Mr. Dawes' mind when he dropped so much pepper into his talk before that committee. If he knows what should be done and sees nobody doing it, it is no wonder he talked that way.

E. S. Martin.

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People We Can't

THE HANDSHAK

XU



We Can't Along Without

HANDSHAKING ENTHUSIAST



Travelogue-rolling



NCE you are all nerved up to going to the theatre three or four nights each week, when a sudden let-down in openings comes you simply have to have some substitute excitement. In this capacity of substitute excitant let us consider Mr. Burton Holmes' illustrated lecture on "Visions of Venice."

First, the performance of Mr. Holmes himself. Unfortunately he stands in the shadow at the right of the screen, and so you are unable to get many of the nuances of his work, but it is evident, from the tone of his voice, that he is at all times master of himself. And yet he is not dispassionate. His technique is not cold. Rather is there a suggestion of repression, a tantalizing hint of hidden feeling kept down by an iron hand, breaking forth only on such occasions as his final, valedictory cry of "Immortal Venice, we salute thee!" when the slide showing "Passing Perspectives of the Piazzetta" fades into nothingness on the wrinkleless sheet.

Especially effective is the lecturer in those passages calling for the sibilant *s*. I know of no one on our lecture platform to-day who has his *s*'s more nearly where he wants them than Mr. Holmes. In recounting the history of the four famous horses of San Marco, which he does at considerable length, he has opportunity to hiss the word horses no fewer than eighty times, and the result is a constant sound, fully as pleasant as that of a steam radiator without the banging and snapping.



THE lecture itself, aside from the technique of Mr. Holmes, was one of the conventional Venetian lantern-slide dramas. Most of the pictures (colored in charming tints), were familiar to all who have ever slept in a guest-room. The one showing the Bridge of Sighs especially brought back memories of a room in a country house in which I once spent the coldest weekend of the coldest week of the coldest winter since 1750, and as I gazed on the light blue Italian sky and the salmon pink palace, I felt that I was again peering out from under the extra quilt at the ice-covered pitcher over which hung the local representation of the Bridge of Sighs and wondering if these people didn't have anyone who would come around and close the windows for their guests. That is how powerful the Burton Holmes slides are.

Of individual performers in the pictures it is hard to speak without causing feeling. These Italians are a very touchy people. But a word must be said in praise of the straw hat worn by the gentleman in the foreground of the picture of the Casetta Rosa. It is terrible. No worse-looking straw hat has been worn in a travelogue in my memory, and my memory dates back to 1895, and lectures on "Through the Holy Land with Rod and Camera Obscura."

Also the little native girls of Burano, a suburb of Venice, should be spoken to about looking at the camera with their mouths open. It gives people a wrong impression of Burano to see a lot of stupid-looking little girls hanging over a bridge with nothing to do. Where is the Burano Board of Trade that it lets such pictures out into world-wide circulation?

Needless to say, the doves in the Square of St. Marks take their parts well, and pictures of any native child under nineteen draw crooning murmurs of "Isn't he cunning?" from the audience. Sometime it would be interesting to show a slide depicting bathers at Nahant, and after the ladies in the audience had had their fill of sympathetic crooning at a tiny figure in a bathing suit looking out to sea, have it face the camera and turn out to be Henry Cabot Lodge. I don't suppose that I could sell the idea to Mr. Holmes, however, and it isn't worth going into the travelogue business just for that one stunt alone.

There is one thing that future audiences at "Visions of Venice" must be cautioned against. After you have been taken in a gondola under a series of identic bridges, the visual effect of constantly receding walls and uneasy water is something akin to *mal de mer*, and the tendency is to close the eyes ever so slightly for just a minute. This is fatal. I closed my eyes after we had gone under the fifth bridge and the last thing I remember was the soothing sound of the lecturer's voice saying: "Happy the traveler who arrives in Venice on a moonlight night."

And then it suddenly became the voice of the superintendent of Carnegie Hall, asking me if I would mind going home now so that the scrub-lady could dust under my seat.



THERE is a new midnight show on the Century Roof, and it probably is no worse than most midnight shows. One



SAVOY AND BRENNAN WITH THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

forgets how terrible they all are unless one happens to be a waiter who has to be there every night.

But every now and again a great light dawns and we see the Truth, and see it whole. At such moments of lucidity we are conscious of a great many people of unprepossessing appearance sitting about at tables and beating with little hammers in ap-

plause at a series of childish manoeuvres executed by young women of slight seductive powers. And at intervals between songs the patrons themselves crowd onto the small dance floor and elbow each other about in middle-aged *gaucherie*.

After all, the farmers who go to bed at nine o'clock are the real sports.

Robert C. Benchley.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Apollo.—"Macbeth." To be reviewed next week.

Belasco.—"Deburau." A poetic drama of French theatrical life in the early '80's, remarkably staged and skilfully acted by Lionel Atwill.

Belmont.—"Miss Lulu Bett." The American small town (or large town, for that matter) dramatized with effective realism from Zona Gale's remarkable novel.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." English class-struggle portrayed in an interesting play by Galsworthy.

Booth.—"The Green Goddess." George Arliss in a hair-raising melodrama of trite situations very effectively handled. Not so trite but that it leaves you limp.

Century.—"In the Night Watch." A spectacular French naval melodrama, involving yards and yards of gold braid and the sinking of a cruiser in full view of the audience.

Empire.—"Mary Rose." An exceedingly moving fantasy by Barrie, dealing with spiritualism as much as anything. Don't go if you pride yourself on being practical.

Frazee.—"The Woman of Bronze." Margaret Anglin in a conventional triangle drama made unusual by her splendid emotional acting.

Garrick.—"Heartbreak House." Shaw's excellent talk made into a rather long satirical play about modern England, spoken in the best possible manner by an excellent cast.

Greenwich Village.—"Near Santa Barbara." Poker-debts and off-stage shooting in sunny California, with a villain in a dinner-jacket.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Spanish Love." A couple of nice Spanish boys and their little girl friend roughing things up by way of courtship. Castanet accompaniment.

Morosco.—"The Bat." "Find me the man who fired that shot and I will show you the murderer of Richard Warburton!"

Playhouse.—"Thy Name Is Woman." Domestic infidelity in the Pyrenees and what it gets you. Mary Nash and José Ruben, with one knife between them.

Princess.—"The Emperor Jones." A powerful delineation of terror by Charles Gilpin in a play by Eugene O'Neil.

Sixty-Third Street.—"Mixed Marriage." Margaret Wycherly in a play of Irish church troubles by St. John Ervine, Worth the trip uptown for Miss Wycherly's acting.

Thirty-Ninth Street.—"Samson and Delilah." Ben-Ami as a poet driven mad by his wife's faithlessness, giving as fine a bit of tragic acting as we have ever seen.

Times Square.—"The Mirage." The old one about the girl who comes to New York

to earn her living. Florence Reed makes it as plausible as possible.

Comedy and Things Like That

Astor.—"Cornered." You don't mind the old crook stuff so much because of Madge Kennedy.

George M. Cohan.—"The Tavern." Something new on the stage. A gloriously mad burlesque of the conventional romantic drama.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome Stranger." What happens when a New England town tries to get the better of a Jewish merchant. Interesting, if not particularly dignified comedy, well acted.

Comedy.—"The Bad Man." Holbrook Blinn as a charming Mexican bandit who makes the border an attractive place to visit.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart." Laurette Taylor in a revival of her tremendous success.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." Comic postcard stuff.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Broken Wing." A popular mixture of aviation and amnesia on the Mexican border.

Fulton.—"Enter Madame." What the husband of a temperamental prima donna thinks about. Delightful comedy, delightfully acted.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." On a three-year try-out in New York preparatory to twenty-five years on the road. Maybe you hadn't heard, Frank Bacon is in it.

Henry Miller.—"Wake Up, Jonathan." Mrs. Fiske thrown away on a copy-book play which ventures the startling theory that money isn't everything.

Hudson.—"The Meanest Man in the World." Rapid-fire business talk carrying a somewhat time-worn comedy along merrily.

Klaw.—"Nice People." To be reviewed later.

Little.—"The First Year." A very funny play about unimportant events which might have happened in your own home and probably have.

Longacre.—"The Champion." Grant Mitchell in a popular comedy showing how silly England is and how free America. Great stuff if you laugh easily.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers." A successful comedy of chorus-girl life with Ina Claire still in the leading rôle.

Nora Bayes.—"Three Live Ghosts." A post-war comedy about some returning veterans which shows that the public is not through with such plays if they are well done.

Playhouse.—"The New Morality." Grace George in a series of special matinees of a light and, in some parts, delightful comedy, assisted by an excellent cast including Lawrence Grossmith and Ernest Lawford.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Pleasant costume play showing the original

John Jacob Astor and other Manhattan notables in 1810 in subordinate rôles to Miss Genevieve Tobin, and quite rightly so.

Punch and Judy.—"Rollo's Wild Oat." Roland Young as an amateur Hamlet eminently suited for Miss Kummer's delicate and refreshing little play.

Republic.—"Dear Me." Several of our more prominent virtues spoken very highly of by Hale Hamilton and Grace LaRue in a comedy in which everything turns out in a perfectly dandy fashion in the end.

Selwyn.—"The Prince and the Pauper." A picturesque and altogether charming presentation of Mark Twain's story, with William Faversham in his element.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Ambassador.—"The Rose Girl." To be reviewed next week.

Casino.—"Blue-Eyes." To be reviewed later.

Central.—"Afgar." Alice Delysia in a highly flavored but, for some reason, amusing presentation of coarse American jokes with a French accent. Poiret has designed some beautiful, though rudimentary, gowns.

Century Roof.—"The Midnight Rounders." Reviewed in this issue.

Globe.—"Tip-Top." A good clean evening of music and acrobatic dancing with Fred Stone, for those who have a drag with the ticket agencies.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." More for your money than you ever dreamed possible.

Knickerbocker.—"Mary." Good tunes and perpetual dancing mixed in a rapid-fire show having every evidence of the Cohan direction.

Liberty.—"Lady Billy." Mitzi's legion of admirers will find satisfaction here for she sings, dances and makes faces practically all the time.

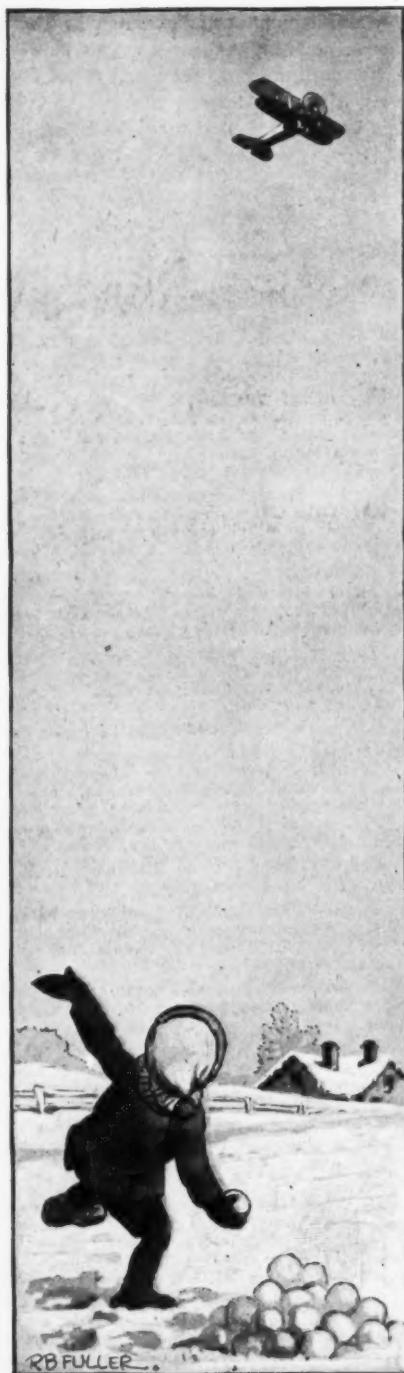
Lyric.—"Her Family Tree." An elaborate production of some good burlesques and some rather dull costume acts, all built around the vivacious personality of Miss Nora Bayes.

New Amsterdam.—"Sally." Marilyn Miller and Leon Errol in an entirely satisfactory combination of music, dancing and heavy falling.

Park.—"Erminie." A fortunate revival of the old-time favorite, with Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper in the leading rôles.

Vanderbilt.—"Irene." One evening spent at this tuneful musical comedy will explain why it has broken all records in its class.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1921." Willie and Eugene Howard furnish the comedy, some of which is good and some very questionable; but there is no question about the beauty or originality of the ballet. And, of course, there is always the runway.



AMBITION.

No Results Apparent

"FATHER, didn't you ever get licked when you were a boy?"
 "Indeed I did."
 "Well, then, what's the use trying it on me?"



Passenger: WHY DON'T YOU STOP FOR THAT MAN?

Conductor: NOTHIN' DOIN', BO. HE'S ONE O' THEM GUYS THAT'S ALWAYS KICKIN' 'COS THIS CAR DON'T GO FAST ENOUGH.

Interview with a Movie Queen
(As it seems.)

THE faint perfume of hothouse roses mingling with the subtle odor of truffles and boiling pearls almost overpowered me as I entered the million-dollar apartment of Rava Nesselrode, the greatest screen artist of the day. She was lighting a cigarette with a government bond.

"What is your opinion of art, literature and music?" I asked, while the faint glow from the Brazilian diamond chandelier lighted up her Los Angeles pose.

"I'll say that they help some," she remarked gracefully, signing to the Cambrian maid to pull down the point-lace curtains. "I love everything, believe me."

"What do you think," I went on, almost breathless at her beauty, "of world politics, of domestic science, of government control, of philosophy, and history, and labor, and religion, and science?"

"How can we make pictures without them?" she asked simply. "That is why they exist, don't you know."

I hadn't thought of this before, but its profound truth was so overwhelming that I withdrew as best I could from her enchanting presence.

Natural Selection

A MAN marries a woman when he is too young to know or too old to care
 A woman marries a man when she is too kind to look or too blind to see.

THE feminine optimist: one who sees the golden threads among the silver.



LIFE AMONG THE PROFITERS

"THE COAL SHORTAGE HAS BEEN RELIEVED."
 "WELL, ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS TO FIND ANOTHER SHORTAGE."



Villager: WHAT, AMOS, YER AIN'T PUTTIN' IN BOOKS TER SELL, BE YER?
 Amos (proprietor of general store): YES I BE.
 "HOW MUCH IS THIS 'ERE ONE?"
 "AIN'T FOR SALE YET, AIN'T READ 'EM YET."

Ad Astra

(The Spiritual Devotions of a Red Corpse on Passing Through the Vessels in the Web of a Frog's Foot and Seeing the Eye of a Physiologist Peering Through the Tube of a Microscope.)

GR^EAT cell divine, with nucleus of blue,
 Long have I struggled with this restless urge
 That now o'erfloods me like a sacred surge,
 As I behold the glorious form of you.
 Long, long I strove, vain creature of the fall,
 Against the sure insistence of thy call,
 Succored my soul with plasma's empty pride,
 Laughed when the irreligious enzymes lied
 About thyself. Still thou art not denied.
 I cast aside all things to which I clung;
 O loving friend of sinning cells, "I come"!

An Exception to the Rule

HOKUS: A man never gets anywhere by just letting things slide.
 Pokus: How about the trombone player?

Foolish Bribes

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY (investigating election fund): Dave, what happened to you before you reached the polls?

DAVE (an old negro): Well suh, the fust thing, suh, a man stopped me an' said: "Dave, heah's four dollahs; I want you to go right down to de polls an' vote for Mr. Brown; he's the Republican candidate for Congress and a very fine man."

PROSECUTOR: Did you take the money?

DAVE: O, yassir, I took de money. And then, as I wuz goin' on down de street another man stops me and says: "Dave, heah's seven dollahs; I want you to go right down to de polls an' vote for Mr. Rogers; he's the Democratic nominee for Congress and a very fine man."

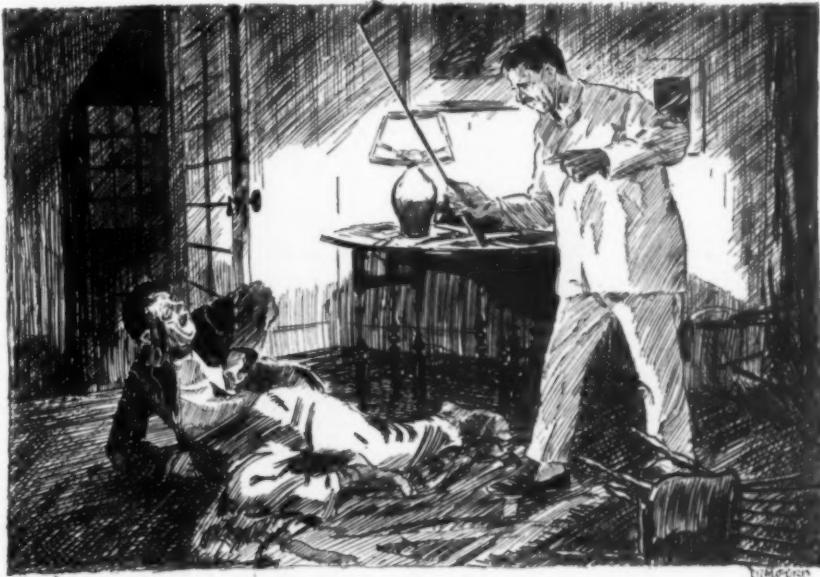
PROSECUTOR: Did you take that money, too, Dave?

DAVE: O, yassir, I took dat money, too, suh.

PROSECUTOR: Then, Dave, how did you vote?

DAVE: Well, suh, after speculatin' quite a spell, suh, as to what a niggah ought to do in a case ob dat kind, suh, I walks right into de polls and votes de straight Republican ticket, suh, 'cause I figured, suh, dat dis here Republican man, he war de least corrupt ob de two.

ONE person out of every thirteen has a car. The rest are held up by a traffic cop to watch them go by.



Golf Enthusiast (to vanquished burglar): I SUPPOSE YOU NOTICED THAT I DID ALL THAT WITH MY MID-IRON?



Janitors, Old and New

AN apartment building, forty-five stories high and containing one thousand rooms, the home of an extinct Indian tribe, has been unearthed in New Mexico by the School of American Research. It is reported that the petrified remains of a janitor were discovered at the main entrance to this prehistoric skyscraper. His haughty lineaments were marvellously well preserved; his gold crown still rested upon his domineering brow, and his patrician hand clasped a sceptre and a bunch of keys.

As if this were not sufficiently interesting, the remains of this ancient autocrat revealed at an autopsy the fact that he possessed every vital organ except a heart. What a contrast he presents to the typical janitor of to-day, who is all heart and wholly dominated by that loving kindness his New Mexican prototype so tragically lacked! Isn't evolution simply wonderful?

When

they came back from their honeymoon, and started in to keep house, these were some of the "nice" things said about them.

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR: Anyone could walk right in and take everything they have. They never think of locking up a thing.

THE BRIDE'S SISTER: Well, she can't depend on me any longer.

THE BRIDE'S BROTHER: I could have told him—the poor boob. But any man who's fool enough to get married—!

THE BRIDE'S MOTHER: She won't take a thing from me.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER: Let 'em alone!

Business Maxims

IN business, honesty is so necessary that even crooks must keep up its appearance.

To obey orders in the beginning is to be able to give them in the end.

To squander the future in advance, always be ten minutes late.

The head of the firm is known by the company he keeps.

To look at a thing properly from your standpoint requires that you also look at it from the other fellow's.

Nobody can raise your salary but yourself.

That Paper Shortage

THE scarcity of paper has not always been a modern problem. Smart wrote a "Song to David" on the walls of a madhouse; Coleridge wrote a sonnet on a scrap of seaweed; Tennyson wrote "In Memoriam" in a butcher's ledger, and Keats wrote an "Ode on a Grecian Urn."



"PAPA AND I ARE HUNGRY, MOTHER. I WISH YOU'D MAKE UP YOUR MIND WHAT WE WANT FOR DINNER."

Life Lines



*Precept Upon Precept, Line Upon Line;
Here a Titter and There a Titter.*

THEY'd scare the criminals worse if they called themselves Klue Klutch.

Between wars civilized nations have to content themselves with target practice.

The most interesting Isles of Greece are her exiles.

Will democracy make Hayti while the sun shines?

March Fourth, 1921—all quiet along the Potomac to-night.

The carrion crows of Europe continue to mock at the dove of peace.

The front porch will always make a stronger appeal to the American people than the back door.

The trouble with a class war in this country is that nobody knows for certain to what class he belongs.

The public is always asking apprehensively: "Who's balloony now?"

There is really nothing new in fashionable society's enthusiasm for champion light-weights.

Hello, Chicago! How does your Garden grow?

It was another cold day for the demon Rum when Chile went dry.

Can anything prevent high rollers from having highballs on the high seas?

Kan is the name of the Hollander responsible for the ex-Kaiser. That old song about Kanning the Kaiser was prophetic.

It was just like Lenine to get some other fellow to die for him.

There's nothing left to get aboard but the ban-wagon.

We nominate, as poet laureate of a dry generation, John Drinkwater.

Idealism is just simply wonderful, but this country is forced to consider the desirability of fourteen West Points.

To the up-to-date society girl the most interesting engagement ring is the prize-ring.

Which are you most afraid of, the black, the red, the yellow or the blue peril? Happiness are the color-blind.

Chicago boasts of possessing 85,000 cats. But a reformed world wants to know the number of Chicago's kitties.

England's Poet Laureate has been accused in Parliament of being a slacker. A committee was appointed to find out who he is.

Edward S. Van Zile.

Methods

WHEN confronted by a problem," said the Deep Thinker, "the first thing to do is to gather all the facts, and resolve it into its various elements."

"Or stop thinking about it," said the Philosopher. "Remain perfectly tranquil and act only when forced to."

"Or get all the advice from everybody who knows," said the efficiency expert, "and combine all the best methods into a unit."

"Or create an atmosphere of success," said the Inspiration man, "and will yourself to victory."

"Or hope that you won't solve it," said the Pessimist, "because it is sure to lead to one more difficulty."

"Or stay home all summer, do your own housework and consort with congenial spirits," said the old married man.

LEWIS, just retired from business, has installed all the latest electrical and mechanical labor-saving devices in his home."

"What for?"

"He had to have an occupation that would keep him working at the old mad pace."



Lady in Background: THE COUNT SEEMS TO BE QUITE DEMOCRATIC.

Her Companion: VERY MUCH SO. HE DOESN'T CARE ANYTHING ABOUT THE SOCIAL POSITION

OF THE PEOPLE HE BORROWS MONEY FROM.

THE SILENT DRAMA



Sacred and Profane Subjects

WHEN "The Miracle Man" achieved a richly deserved success, the moguls of the movies put their heads together and came to the momentous conclusion that the public had "got religion" at last. So they sent forth word to their producing companies that, henceforth, they must get the sacred angle in all pictures, and play up the faith idea for all it was worth. With the result that the Divine Power has been receiving a great deal of valuable screen publicity lately, and the photoplay which does not include a miracle or two is not worth the celluloid it's printed on.

We have recently seen many pictures which capitalized religion in this way, including "The Woman in His House" (a particularly flagrant example), "The Frontier of Stars," "Man-Woman-Marriage" and "Godless Men." Moreover, we can report that "The Miracle Man" still stands alone in its class.

The motion-picture palace is not quite ready to supersede the church as a place of Divine worship.

The First Born

SESSUE HAYAKAWA is a Japanese tragedian who can give most of the local talent ninety-eight yards start in the hundred yard dash, and still win in a comparative walk. "The First Born" does not yield him very much of an opportunity, but he manages to rise above his surroundings, and to endow an uninteresting story with real dramatic strength. Moreover, he is supported by an excellent cast of Chinese actors, and one is inclined to wonder why certain of the parts were assigned to occidentals. In spite of their costumes, and their laborious attempts to squint, they do not succeed in disguising their Hibernian ancestry.

The atmosphere of the story is Chinese, so that there is no excuse for the organist who accompanies the picture to play "He's a Japanese Sandman" all through it.

(Arranged as nearly as possible in order of seniority.)

WAY DOWN EAST (*Griffith*).—Pictorial propaganda against the "back-to-the-farm" movement.

OVER THE HILL (*Fox*).—You will have to have your heart strings restraining after seeing this.

THE MARK OF ZORRO (*United Artists*).—Readers of *LIFE* stay away from this picture at their own risk. It has everything, including Douglas Fairbanks.

KISMET (*Robertson-Cole*).—Otis Skinner and the entire Orient crammed into nine reels.

PASSION (*First National*).—Foreign film of great dramatic power.

NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS (*First National*).—Palatable fodder for Charles Ray fans.

THE LOVE LIGHT (*United Artists*).—Mary Pickford in bad surroundings.

Recent Developments

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (*Associated Producers*).—Nothing like the book but you can afford to overlook that.

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS (*Goldwyn*).—Light Scotch comedy, extremely well done.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT (*Paramount*).—Triangle drama with Cecil B. DeMille trimmings.

POLLY WITH A PAST (*Metro*).—Ina Claire is in it, but that's about all.

BLACK BEAUTY (*Vitagraph*).—Successful adaptation of a famous animal story.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE (*First National*).—Lionel Barrymore in a pleasant comedy produced with rare good taste.

OUTSIDE THE LAW (*Universal*).—Eighteen bulls in a china shop.

THE DEVIL (*Pathé*).—George Arliss makes an effective screen debut.

THE SPENDERS (*Hodkinson*).—Good rendition of a Harry Leon Wilson story.

Brewster's Millions

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON'S story of the youth who had to spend two million dollars in a year, has been done into a rather broad farce to fit the extensive measurements of Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle, widely known to his intimates as "Fatty." The sartorial work has been accomplished with considerable skill, and the general effect of "Brewster's Millions" as a movie is distinctly pleasing. Mr. Arbuckle's globular drollery is aided and abetted by some trick photography, and an extremely personable young lady named Betty Ross Clark.

Hold Your Horses

HERE is a picture which points a homely moral to the modern youth—namely, that he will succeed in life, no matter how humble his origin, provided he is Irish, can beat up everybody, including his wife, and has an aptitude for crooked politics. *'Canavan*, the hero of this noble drama, makes good on all three counts, and so, when we see him starting out as a street cleaner, we just know that he will be moving in the ranks of movie society before the fifth reel has been unwound. Tom Moore does what he can in the leading rôle, but the story, of which Rupert Hughes is the guilty author, is absurd. Fie upon you, Rupert.

The Off-Shore Pirate

AN original story—or an original clothespin, for that matter—is always cause for rejoicing, and "The Off-Shore Pirate," by F. Scott Fitzgerald, definitely comes under that head. What is more, its freshness and novelty have not been materially impaired during the course of adaptation to the screen, and the resultant photoplay may be classed as uncommonly good entertainment. The conventional Fitzgerald flapper is competently portrayed by Viola Dana, and the comic values of the situation are well developed by six highly talented negro performers, and a set of obedient African dominoes.

Robert E. Sherwood.

MAMMA'S AFFAIR (*First National*).—Constance Talmadge in a Harvard prizewinner.

COUSIN KATE (*Vitagraph*).—Alice Joyce departs from her usual formula and be comes whimsical, with satisfactory results.

RAILROAD TRAILS (*Fox*).—Tom Mix rides a mean cayuse in a Wild West drama of the old school.

THE EDUCATION OF ELIZABETH (*Paramount*).—The adventures of a nice chorus girl, played by Billie Burke.

MAN-WOMAN-MARRIAGE (*First National*).—Don't go to this picture and say that we advised you to do so. We don't.

THE KID (*First National*).—Provides an auspicious conclusion to the long Chaplin famine.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"The Kentuckians," "Wing Toy," "O'Malley of the Mounted," Comedies.



Drawn by W. J. ENRIGHT

GIVE A THOUGHT TO CUBA. VII.

THE WINNER OF THE CAPITAL PRIZE IN THE LOTTERY RETURNS HOME.



IF GEORGE HAD PLAYED GOLF

G. W.: I CANNOT TELL A LIE—MY SCORE WAS 169.

Low Price Cotton

WELL, Old Nigger, cotton has gone to the dogs."

"Yassuh, Boss, dat's what I heard."

"And you don't make a nickel this year."

"Nossuh, I 'spect not."

"And I've lost what money and grub I furnished you."

"I'm mighty 'fraid you is, White Folks."

"Well, confound your picture, it don't seem to worry you any."

"Lawd, Boss, don't you know there ain't a bit of use in the world in me and you both worrying about the same thing?"

HOW IT REALLY HAPPENED



"I'M AFRAID TO."
"SO AM I."



"HELLO, GEORGE! BET YOU CAN'T CHOP
DOWN THIS CHERRY TREE WITH OUR
NEW HATCHET!"



SO—THEY LET GEORGE DO IT.

As They Go

"WILL you be my husband?"

The young American millionaire paused for a moment on his stroll through the park of the European capital to which he had journeyed from America to rest up from the headlines and the worst-best seller. He looked critically at the handsome and somewhat shabby woman who stood before him.

"Queen?" he asked nonchalantly.

"No, monsieur. I am only a humble Archduchess. But I come from a long line. I can wait on table, cook, play bridge, wear the most expensive clothes with the utmost *savoir faire* and am fit to grace anything in America, from a suburban church fair to a Newport dinner dance."

The millionaire hesitated, then consulted his notebook.

"Very well," he said. "Come to my hotel to-morrow morning at nine and take your place in the line. You'll be judged entirely by points, and the best girl wins."

Government by Jockey

THE Congress of the United States used to pass bills; now it spends its time devising "riders," then picks out any old bill to tag it on.

The bill is the usual selling-plater, but its rider is the thing you want to bet on. It's the whole racetrack.

In a Congress or two we shall have a sundry appropriations bill with a rider abolishing the Presidency.

The well-groomed agricultural bill will have a rider repealing the Emancipation Proclamation.

The veteran's pension bill will carry a rider providing for a Secretary of Morals.

It's a wise "rider" that knows its own mount nowadays.

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THE POWER OF CONTRAST

THE DAY THE BUYER CAME TO LOOK AT OLD DOBBIN, UNCLE SILAS HAD HIS LEAN HIRED MAN STAND AROUND IN HIS UNION SUIT

The Old Abused Stomach

(With Apologies to *The Old Oaken Bucket*)

HOW dear to my heart are the whims
of my stomach
When acute indigestion presents them to
view!
Each idiosyncrasy proves entertaining
To me though they be of no interest to
you.
On things that I can eat,
And things that I can't eat,
The things that I must eat
Alone do I dwell,
And when I have eaten, I wish that I had
not
When friends of the evils of food fondly
tell.

How dear to my heart are the anti-food
lectures,
The lectures on friendly and unfriendly
germs;
The poisons of food and the dangers of
eating
Are pictured so strongly in unmeasured
terms.
The things that I would eat,
The things that I should eat,
The things that I once ate—

Each one they forbid,
And sadly I turn to the nuts and the
zwieback
In which they say virtues of healing are
hid.

Clara Cox Epperson.

HISTORY reverses itself.

Lack of Foresight

"I SEE the Government is planning to
get out a new thousand dollar
bill."

"If they'd only printed two in the
first place they'd have been spared the
trouble."



Mother: WILLIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT OILCAN?
"I'M OILIN' BABY'S TONGUE SO HE KIN TALK."



Rejection Page

(Note: The contributions on this page have been rejected. Why? The reader may judge for himself. There is a reason in each case. All this rejected material is paid for, and its publication here is not intended as any reflection upon the authors, among whom are some of LIFE's most valued contributors.)

The Bright Side

THEY rescued him from the burning apartment building in the nick of time. "Well," he mused, "for once that building was warm enough this winter."

Now, Boys, Altogether—Laugh!

CHOLLY: Funny beggar, the boss. Asked him for a week-end.
" Didn't turn you down, eh?"
" He said he knew I already had one, because he'd heard it rattle."

Make It Fast!

IF I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse
And say, "Boy, you are going far away
Where there are streams of Scotch and rye,
Where there is no such word as 'dry,'"
I'd say to you, "Cut out the gush!
Just nail me down and mark me 'Rush.'"

Her Best Was All She Could Do

THE bridge was washed out! The California Limited was due in two minutes. Gladys Beasley was dressed as only a modern girl dresses. She was the only person who knew the bridge was gone. Madly she rushed down the track. Frantically she tried to think of some plan to give the alarm. The limited was rushing on to its doom. The engine must be flagged. But there was nothing that she could find to—
(For the fatal conclusion of this thrilling tale, see Gladys.)

Simplicity

(By Our Own Mid-Victorian Poet)

SIMPPLICITY is best, they say—
The most direct, the easiest way
To speak and be well understood.
In dress, if women only could
See beauty in a modest gown
Which draws forth neither smile nor frown,
But gentlemanly admiration,
Simplicity would rule creation.

Restless Ruth

THREE was a little flapper an' her name was Ruth;
She plumb fell in love with an awful youth.
I'm givin' you the facts—I swear it's the truth—
About this restless, re-estless Ruth.

Well, one fine morning she up an' riz,
And she found there was somethin' wrong
with her phiz.
She says, "My complexion's all to the Friz.
What on earth d'you suppose it is?"

The Doctor came, and he told her flat
She'd got to wear another sort of hat.
"It may be this an' it may be that,
But you look to me like you bin on a bat."

"Say! Whatcha gettin' at, Doctor Man?
You don' expect me to be a Bevo Fan?"
"Tell me, girl, how much can you stan'?"
Said Ruth, "Just as much as a perfect lady can!"

"Honest," said she, "you ain't no tact;
I asked you in for to learn a fact;
Looks to me like your brain is cracked.
Tell me where I get off in this Act?"

"Hop it, Kid, and hop it quick!
Go take a dive an' a plunge in the crick.
Hit yourself on the head with a brick.
You're restless enough to make anyone sick!"

"Gracious Sakes!" said the restless girl.
"You puts my head in a dizzy whirl;
You fairly takes my hair out of curl—
Ain't you no respect for a Society Girl?"

The restless child never rested till
She found the right complexion pill.
She took it with a smile an' she took it with
a will,
An' for all I know she takes it still.

Margaret Regan.

The Young Motorist

JOHNNIE, aged five, was an enthusiast over automobiling. He had to sleep with his father one night, for the first time, and next morning he was greatly perturbed.

"Mamma," he demanded, "why does papa use the cut-out in his sleep?"

Letter From a Modest Humorist

ENCLOSED please find separate manuscript which I hope may be acceptable for publication in LIFE. These jokes are, to my best knowledge, original. Perhaps nobody would want to claim them, anyway. The high cost of shoes forces me to send you these, in hopes you may use them, and thus prevent my going barefooted for LIFE. That's not a bad one right there, eh? Please do not send me a blank check to fill out, as I really do not know the present high cost of jokes. But if they are like other commodities, these few should be easily traded in for a second-hand baby-carriage. Preparedness. Awaiting your check I am, till I hear otherwise,

"P. S.—Kindly see that the Editor has had a good meal before showing him the enclosed masterpieces. (That capital 'E' ought to get him.)"

Geographical Religion

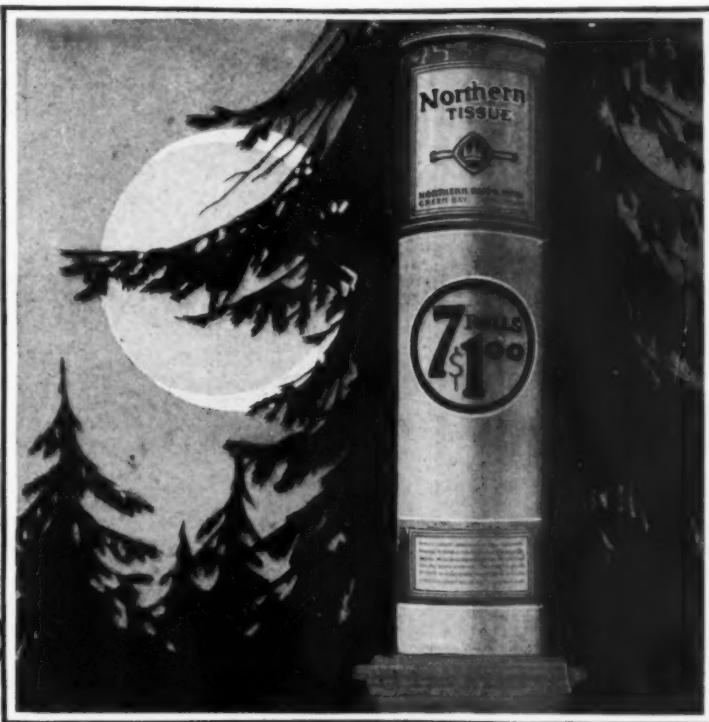
CONGREGATIONS of the Methodist Episcopal churches, North and South, worship in buildings on the same street, and not far removed from each other, in Raleigh, N. C. A garrulous old darky hackman enlightens visitors as to the identity of the churches in the following fashion:

"Ovah yondah am de Mefodist 'Pispal church—north of God, and furtheh down am de Mefodist 'Pispal church—south of God."

Easily Chosen

WHEN my wife flies into a passion,
And her anger waxes wroth,
I think of the Lady and Tiger,
And sigh that I chose 'em both!

NORTHERN



New—also a better way for buying bathroom paper. The fine and chamois-like fabric of Northern Tissue we could not improve. But we have wrapped it in a handier and a more economical package; seven generous rolls for a dollar.

Save money—by 'phoning your dealer for one of these sanitary and convenient packages—now. No embarrassment. Just ask for a tube of Northern Tissue. If he hasn't it, send us his name and we'll supply him through his wholesaler. Made by the Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis.—also makers of fine paper towels.





Another Dog Story

Here is another story which the collector of *true* dog yarns might like to add to his list. A gentleman had a dog whose eyes were remarkably different in size. Whenever a stranger dined at the house the dog played a trick on him. He would first get fed at one side of the guest, and then go around the table to his other side, and pretend to be another dog!

—*London Morning Post.*

The Pale Cast of Thought

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had been a long time on Mr. Snaggs' trail, "what is your objection to having your life insured?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied Snaggs. "The idea of being more valuable dead than alive is distasteful to me."

—*Tit-Bits.*

No Use to Owner

Advertisement in a country newspaper, according to the *Boston Transcript*:

For sale, a second-hand monument, slightly used. Great bargain for a family of the name of Duffy.

A FRANKLIN professor says slang has its place, and he might have added that the place seems to be everywhere.

—*Indianapolis News.*



"I HAVE CALLED, SIR, TO SEE IF YOU WILL RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO OUR SOCIETY FOR CONVERTING THE HEATHEN. LAST YEAR YOU GAVE SIXPENCE."

"WHAT! AREN'T THEY CONVERTED YET?"—*London Opinion.*

The Lie!

TOASTMASTER: We have with us to-night—
CHORUS AT TABLES: No, we haven't!—
Life.

And it's a million dollars to a cent that everybody lied!—*New York World.*

The Supreme Ego

Humility is rare among the learned,
But rarer still among the ignorant.
And this is natural, for to supplant
The rooted thought, "I am the most con-
cerned"

In all the world round me, its center
turned"—
That is a thing that wisdom's strength
may grant,

As native instinct grows less complaisant,
And egotism is by the scholar spurned.

From me alone is my horizon's ring
At all points equidistant; only I
Stand on the central point of everything
And gaze at the all-perfect, arching sky.
But you're a center, too. How can I bring
Myself to apprehend this mystery?
—*Ted Robinson, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Another Abortive Triumph

ACTOR-MANAGER OF TOURING COMPANY:
Confound our luck! The leading lady has
deserted us in our hour of need—eloped
with the ostler from yonder public-house—
on this of all evenings, when the audience
threatens to outnumber the cast. —*Punch.*

A Born Diplomat

BLIND BEGGER (who has been advised to go to work): And what would you have me work at—me being blind from birth?

OLD GENTLEMAN: Why, my friend, many of your colleagues have succeeded splendidly as diplomats.—*L'Illustration (Paris).*

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LIFE'S Choice

Current Books Worth While.

Roaming Through the West Indies, by Harry A. Franck.

Lo! the West Indian, and the diverting vagaries of his untutored mind.

Potterism, by Rose Macaulay.

England's contribution towards satirizing the spirit of philistinism in modern society. Possibly the best of the small mind movement.

The Letters of William James, edited by Henry James, his son.

The human side of James the Thinker. An excellent opportunity for persons who enjoy reading other persons' letters really to learn something.

White Shadows in the South Seas, by Frederick O'Brien.

The Golden Age rediscovered in the South Sea Islands. Excellent winter reading by reason of the color and the warmth.

The Owl Taxi, by Halbert Footner.

Central American crime, mystery and intrigue in New York. Exciting—but there's not a headache in a barrel of it.

The Age of Innocence, by Edith Wharton. New York society in the 70's and its moral code. An interesting study of repression.

Married Life, by May Edginton. (Small, Maynard & Co.) The faithful

Sure Relief



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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-



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The Powder for the Feet

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At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
in the foot-bath

And enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over One Million Five Hundred Thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Ask for ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE to-day.

realism and unsentimental simplicity of this story is brought to a shopworn and wholly increditable "happy" ending. The best thing is the first-rate dialogue—and the book is nearly all conversation.

All and Sundry, by E. T. Raymond. (Henry Holt & Co.) Like the author's *Uncensored Celebrities*, a series of pen portraits. Worth while for the sake of a few very penetrating insights—President Wilson (from a foreign standpoint), G. K. Chesterton, Rudyard Kipling (particularly) and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

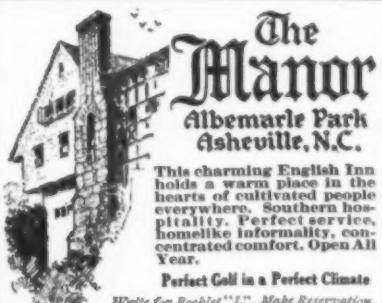
The Life of Leonard Wood, by John G. Holme. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) Warmly favorable without becoming insufferably adulatory.

Daisy Ashford: Her Book, by Daisy Ashford. (George H. Doran Company.) Here are the remaining novels by the nine-year old. If there had been no *Young Visitors*, the world would certainly devour the new book with an equal avidity. Irvin Cobb writes an introduction.

The Ivory Disc, by Percy James Brebner. (Duffield & Co.) Mystery yarn in which such ingredients as a villain named Bocara, a ring containing snake-poison, a dog, Hindu mysticism and a love story are skilfully put together by a veteran at this sort of thing.

Where Angels Fear to Tread, by E. M. Forster. (Alfred A. Knopf.) An early novel which will be new to most Americans. An English widow of "family" weds an Italian peasant, who uses her, on the whole, very well, according to his lights. But when she dies, he won't surrender the son. An interesting story and a sound study with no exaggeration or burlesque about it.

The Life of Joseph Hodges Choate



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Blacksheep! Blacksheep! by Meredith Nicholson. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) A gentleman-crook story lifted from the ruck by Mr. Nicholson's deft, light touch in handling a flimsy, fictional fabric.

In *Sweet Rocket* (Harper), the waves of mystic transcendentalism have closed completely over the head of that once-excellent novelist, Mary Johnston. Must she share the fate of Herman Melville? If only she would give us a story, we could bear with the metaphysical disquisitions of her characters.

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